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The wisdom of the German postal
authorities in determining to
connect Berlin with the chief cities of
the empire by means of a system of
underground telegraph wires, has been
fully confirmed during the severe
weather recently prevailing. While the
violent storms of wind and snow have
in many districts been the cause of constant
stoppages in the telegraphic com-
munication between places connected
by overground wires, the traffic between
towns connected by subterranean lines
has gone on through the worst weather
without the least interruption or in-
convenience. A considerable extension
of the underground system is looked
upon as probable both in Germany and
other continental countries.

"Embroidered" crash is much used for
piano covers," says a fashion exchange.
That makes a terrible sameness about
the instrument.—Boston Post.

ESSEX COUNTY HERALD.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ESSEX COUNTY.

VOL. VIII.

ISLAND POND, VERMONT, FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1880.

NO. 2.

My Loss.

Day after day, while at my window sitting,
I see the children at their play near by;
Like butterflies in summer garden fitting,
They hover round beneath my watchful eye.

The little girls, with flushed and merry faces,
Glance at me shyly for my answering smile,
And tempt me with their most alluring graces
To put sad thoughts away while they be-
guile.

Blonde hair and brown in soft confusion blend-
ing,
Black eyes and blue upturned to meet my
gaze,
Roses both white and pink their contrast
lending,
To add new beauty to the "wondering" maze.

But when they one by one, tired out with
playing,
Steal slowly homeward through the sunset
light,
Memory goes back beyond the dark years,
straying

Among the days of yore that seem so bright.
I turn my head, a radiant, golden splendor
Shines from the west across the pictured
wall,

And glorifies a face divinely tender,
With bronze-brown hair waved round it
fall on fall;

With violet eyes so winsome in their sweet-
ness,
That mine grow smiling spite of grief and
pain,

With curved lips, the seal of love's comple-
ment,
Oh, Heaven! could I but press them once
again.

In vain I watch and wait, she will come only
When night has cast her spell on sea and
shore;
Then when I sleep and dream, no longer
lonely,
She comes to feed my hungry heart once
more.

'Tis then and only then that I behold her;
Her dear voice floats around me soft and
low;
'Tis then, and only then, my arms enfold her,
The little girl I lost so long ago.

—Boston Transcript.

What if some accident should happen to the
train by which he was to travel?
What if he should never return?
For a moment she sat dumb, almost
paralyzed by the shock of that idea.

Then she sprang from her chair and
rushed to the door. She would call him
back, and ask him to forgive that care-
less, cruel parting.

She was too late. He was already in
the street. A moment later she heard
the shrill whistle of the train. He was
gone.

The day passed on sadly enough.
Thought after thought came crowding
into her mind to unsettle and reprove
her. They bore their fruit.

In less than an hour after Charles
Archer's departure his home wore a
very different aspect. By nightfall the
room was trim and clean as willing
hands could make it. Before the clean
windows a pair of snowy muslin cap-
sules were drawn. The stovehole like a
mirror, and from its open front a
bright welcome to the absent master
flashed out, flooding the very walls
with warmth and light.

And summer evening though it was,
both light and warmth were needed.
At sunset angry clouds rose in the south,
and the rain came sharply down, with
an accompanying wind that knew little
of its own mind, and veered sharply
round continually from south to east.

Amid the wailing wind and dropping
rain Helen Archer worked steadily on.
At seven o'clock the train which was to
bring her husband home was due. Her
last task was finished, when she
dished up his favorite viands and set
them, covered over with a basin, upon
the hearth to keep warm.

She leaned from the window, looking
out through wind and rain for some
sign of his home-coming. She wore the
dress he liked best. Her hair was ar-
ranged in his favorite fashion of braids
and curls. She had kissed him coldly
as he left her, but now, with her heart
up her lips, she waited no longer.

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happy after this. I have found a good
place, I shall have a good salary, and
to-morrow, if you are well enough, we
will take a trip into the country to-
gether and find some pretty little cot-
tage, where you can amuse yourself all
through this beautiful summer among
the birds and flowers."

"I don't want a cottage. I want
nothing but you, Charles, and now God
has given you back to me, that will be
enough to make me happy," said his
wife, giving him the tender kiss which
she had refused him that morning.

Nevertheless the cottage was taken,
and the summer was as happy a time
as mortals may ever hope to enjoy this
side of Paradise.

Once, on their journey thither, after a
shopping excursion in the city, they
chanced to be overtaken by the magni-
ficent carriage of J. P. Gordon, million-
aire of New York. He was in a toilet
fresh from the atelier of Worth,
sat therein. She was brown-eyed and
pink-cheeked and very handsome. Yet
her face looked worn and weary. It
lacked the look of true and perfect hap-
piness that Helen's wore.

Helen caught the somewhat anxious
look that her husband turned upon her,
as the great lady drove slowly by.
She smiled. Under cover of her
pretty silken shawl her hand stole into
his.

Never for one moment had she for-
gotten the lesson of that long-past sum-
mer's day! Never had she ceased from
telling God that it had been given,
although it came "Almost too late."

Single Song Singers.
The Christian at Work publishes a list
of names saved from oblivion by single
poems:

1. Thomas Gray, 1716-1771. "Elegy
written in a Country Churchyard."
"Had Gray written nothing but his
Elegy, high as he stands, I am not sure
that he would not stand higher; it is the
corner-stone of his glory."—Lord Byron.

2. William Falconer, 1730-1769. "The
Shipwreck."

3. James Beattie, 1735-1803. "The
Minstrel."

4. Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-
1778. "Rock of Ages."

5. Robert Bloomfield, 1766-1823. "The
Broomfield Cross."

6. Charles Wolfe, 1791-1823. "Ode
on the Death of Sir John Moore." Pro-
nounced by Lord Byron "the most per-
fect ode in the language."

7. Joseph Rodman Drake, 1795-1820.
"The Broken Bowl."

8. Fitz-Greene Halleck. "Marco
Bozzaris."

9. Samuel Woodworth, 1785-1842.
"Old Oaken Bucket."

10. George P. Morris. "Woodman,
Spare the Tree."

11. Charles Sprague. "Ode on
Shakespeare."

12. Richard Henry Wilde, 1847. "My
Life is Like a Summer Rose."

13. Edward C. Pinkney. "I Fill a
Casket with Flowers."

14. Richard Henry Dana, 1789-1879.
"Buccanier."

15. Francis Scott Key, 1790-1843.
"Star-Spangled Banner."

16. Robert de Lisle. La Marcellaise.
17. John Howard Payne, 1799-1832.
"Home, Sweet Home."

18. David Everett, 1769-1813. "You'll
Scarce Expect One of My Age."

19. Reginald Heber, 1783-1826. "From
Greenland's Icy Mountains."

20. Julia Ward Howe, 1819. "Battle
Hymn of the Republic."

21. William Allen Butler. "Noth-
ing to Wear."

22. Bret Harte. "Heathen Chinee."
23. Emma Willard. "Rock'd in the
Cradle of the Deep."

24. H. H. Brownell. "River Fight."
25. Thomas Dunn English. "Ben
Bolt."

26. Clement C. Moore. "The Visit of
Santa Claus."

27. Joseph Hopkins, 1770-1842.
"Hail Columbia! happy land!"

Who Takes Care of the Sultan.
The revelations of M. Abdul-Hakk, a
writer in the Nouvelle Revue, resemble
the stories of "Thousand and One
Nights," and one might be easily
led to believe that the existence of
such a state of affairs at the doors of
European civilization if the details fur-
nished by the writer were not sup-
ported by the undeniable proofs of truth-
fulness. He tells us that the sultan is
surrounded by hundreds of young
women who employ for what the writer
terms his "family service" a body of
forty young women, selected carefully
from among the handsomest in the pal-
ace. The duties they have to perform
are to dress and undress him, to accom-
pany him to the bath, to keep his hair
and finger nails in order and fill him to
sleep. He keeps a ballet of fifty girls,
who perform several dances every
evening after supper while his highness
rests on a divan. He also has a band
of thirty female musicians and about
sixty others who take charge of his
apartments, clean his garments and chi-
bonnes, and perform other similar du-
ties. In short, the whole service in the
palace is done by female slaves, chosen
from among the most attractive ones in
Istanbul, and it may well be said that
Turkey, which does not recognize the
social existence of a woman, sub-
mits to being practically governed by women.

Sad Result of a Practical Joke.
Brooks Gould was perhaps the most
popular young man in Chicago. Gen-
eral J. M. Waite, a middle-aged man of
the same disposition, set Gould down as
his first friend and the two were to-
gether a great deal. When they entered
the apartments of the general on a Satur-
day afternoon not long ago, Gould, who
had about him the dash and sparkle of
Mercurio, proposed that they should
disarrange the furniture to make the
negro servant, Joe, fancy that the rooms
had been robbed. The joke was carried
out. Valuables were removed, the bed
clothes were taken off, and a young
burglar, the wags retiring to the
bathroom at Joe's foot-fall in the hall-
way. Joe reached the door and stood
aghast. With mouth agape and eyes
wide open he scrutinized in one look the
innermost corners and then straightway
walked to the door of the bathroom.
This he found locked from within. He
put his ear to the keyhole. Faint sounds
of breathing reached him. He pulled
out a revolver and instantly emptied
every chamber into the panels of the
door. General Waite felt his young
friend's body quiver at the first shot and
threw his arms around him. Death fol-
lowed instantly.

Very taking—Colds. Very glad—The drug
store. The very best remedy—Dr. Bull's
Cough Syrup.

Anecdotes of a Great Business Man.

The New York Mercantile Journal
prints a sketch of the life of David
Leavitt, who died recently at the ripe
age of eighty-nine years. We quote
from the article:

The deceased was a prominent and
esteemed merchant and banker, and had
been intimately identified with the busi-
ness interests of this city and Brooklyn
for more than three score years. Many
of our most flourishing mercantile and
financial institutions were either founded
by him or are largely indebted to his
active aid and timely counsels for their
present prosperity. He was the founder,
and for many years president, of the
Brooklyn White Lead Company, one of
the oldest and most extensive establish-
ments of the kind in this country.

Mr. Leavitt was born at Bethlehem,
Litchfield county, Conn., August 29,
1791, and came to this city in the year
1813. He was employed as a clerk in a
produce and commission house for sev-
eral years, when, on obtaining his share
of his father's estate, amounting to about
\$10,000, he began business on his own
account. At the outbreak of the career
John Jacob Astor imported a cargo of
tea, and Mr. Leavitt bought the entire
lot. During the progress of the negotia-
tions Mr. Astor asked his customer in
broken English how he proposed to pay
for it. Mr. Leavitt replied that he would
pay for it in the form of a note drawn
by him on Astor, which young Leavitt
had bought up on the street. An instance
of the pluck and energy which made
Mr. Leavitt a successful merchant was
shown before he was twenty-five years
old, when the Colombian government
sought aid from the American govern-
ment, being engaged in a local war,
authorized its agents in this country to
procure a vessel, which was also to be
provided with its armament and equip-
ment. The agents were unwilling to
fulfill the commission, and sought aid
from other sources. Young Leavitt heard
of the matter, and undertook the enter-
prise. He built the vessel and induced
the United States government to assist
him in its armament, and then assumed
command of the ship. He sailed for the
destined port, and arriving safely, re-
ceived \$100,000 in the currency of the
Colombian government and a draft on
the city of London for \$100,000 more,
a clear profit of \$100,000 as his
earnings. Realizing that Spanish
doubtless would be made easily nego-
tiated in this city than Colombian cur-
rency, he stopped at Havana and made
the exchange. His sagacity was duly
rewarded, for on arriving at this port he
found that a premium was being paid
on Spanish doubloons, which he netted
him a considerable addition to his profits
in the transaction.

Remarkable Trees.

The last treaty with the Cherokee
Indians was signed beneath a giant white
oak that still stands near the Cherokee
cemetery, Oglethorpe, Ga.

A tree here in New York City is
an elm that measures thirty-four feet
around the trunk. Its branches are
thirty-four feet from the ground.

A curious freak of nature can be seen
near Eureka, Cal. It is in the shape of
a tree, seventy-five feet high, one portion
of which is pine and the other fir.

Many oaks in England are 800, 1,000
years old. The newest oak is forty-
seven feet six inches in girth. The
Crowthorn, now more than 100 years in
process of decay, still has a girth of
sixty feet.

A peach tree in the garden of Mrs.
Caleb Crow, of Hartford, Ky., is bearing
a full grown pumpkin. The News says
this tree has never before borne fruit
this season; but nevertheless there
hangs the healthy growing pumpkin,
just as it had grown from the blossom to
its present size, which is much larger
than a man's head.

Not a rivulet can be found on the
islands of Ferro, one of the largest of the
Canaries, yet there is a species of tree,
the leaves of which are narrow and
long, and continue green through the
entire year. These trees are continually
surrounded by a cloud which is con-
densed, and falling in drops keeps the
climates placed under them constantly
damp.

The trunk of an old tree that resembles
a block of plaster or cement may be seen
on the grounds of the Jardin des
Plantes, Paris. An inscription at the
root of the branches announces that the
tree is the *Acacia Farnesiana spinosa* of
Scotus Arabia. It was brought to
France in 1601 by Jean Robin, and was
planted in the place it now occupies by
Vespasian Robin, gardener to Louis
XIII., in 1636. This tree, which is now
278 years old, formerly reached a great
height, but its topmost branches with-
ered and had to be cut off to obtain new
shoots. All its branches are bound with
iron and carefully stopped with a com-
position so that water cannot infiltrate
into the trunk of the tree, as that would
cause its death.

Heart Disease.

The cases of heart disease are far less
common than is generally supposed,
the heart being one of the toughest
organs in the body. Still there are
many cases, and they are of different
kinds. There may be a paralysis of the
nerves of the heart. When this occurs
death is instantaneous. Angina pectoris
not unfrequently terminates in this way,
for excruciating pains exhaust nervous
force as greatly as does excessive
pleasure.

There may be what is called a fatty
degeneracy of the heart, in which fat
takes the place of the fibrous tissue,
sooner or later gives way under some
slight excitement.

Sometimes the walls of the heart be-
come quite thin at some point, and this,
in connection with the general enlarge-
ment of the organ, renders it subject to
very violent action, and it may sud-
denly burst on the quickening of that
action. Such enlargements are often
produced by violent and protracted ex-
ercises, as in boat-racing.

Or there may be a dilatation of a por-
tion of an artery leading out from the
heart; such dilatations are called
aneurisms, and are attended with a loss
of the elasticity of the heart and a thin-
ning of the walls of the vessel. Hence
it may suddenly rupture, or, which is
equally fatal, the walls may dilate so far
as to prevent the outflow of the blood
to the brain.

Every one even in health knows how
quick and strongly any emotion what-
ever acts upon the heart—knows from
his own experience. In all diseases of
the heart absolute self-control at all
times is of the most urgent necessity.
Without it life may cease at any mo-
ment.—Youth's Companion.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The immigration statistics for 1879
show that 175,589 persons landed at Cas-
tle Garden, New York, of whom 135,076
were aliens, against 121,369 arrivals in
1878, of whom 75,347 were aliens. Ger-
many sent the largest number of emi-
grants in 1879, the total being 33,574;
Ireland came next, with 22,624, and
then England, with 21,555. France only
sent 2,331. The labor bureau found em-
ployment for 11,010 males and 5,517
females.

The Cuban planters evidently do not
think they will lose their slaves for some
time to come. They are confident the
emancipation bill will not pass at this
time, and owing to this feeling a spirit of
confidence has sprung up among them
of late, and it is said slaves really com-
mand \$500 in gold. It is whispered
that what the Cuban planters pretend
to foresee is the revival of Den Carlos's
pretensions in Spain and his possible
success. They believe that his govern-
ment would earnestly oppose any em-
ancipation of their slaves.

The world's annual crop of cotton is
now equal to twelve million bales of the
average weight of American cotton. Of
this quantity about two million bales
are produced in the United States.
Some statisticians reckon that the whole
crop of the world could be raised on a
section of Texas less than one-twelfth
of its area, or could be divided between
any two of the other principal cotton
States without exhausting one-half of
their good lands; or it could all be
raised on less than one-half the Indian
Territory that is not yet occupied at all.

Within the last few months the news-
papers have been printing the statement
that a man in Paris offered \$4,000 to any-
one who would draw the annexed figure
with a pen without lifting the pen from
the paper:

Henry L. Carlton, a teamster of Stock-
ton, Nev., saw this puzzle and tried to
unravel it. He worked at the thing for
four months, but turning suddenly, vio-
lently insane, Dr. McMeekin, of Stock-
ton, decided that Carlton was clean daff,
and upon a certificate issued by him
Carlton has been confined in the Esmer-
ald county asylum.

An application of electricity to the
mouths of unruly horses promises to
be more successful than even Rarey's
method. A metallic conducting wire
runs from a Clark magnet on the seat
of the wagon or carriage, through the
reins to the horse's bit.

Although 103 years of age, Jane Gil-
bert, who is living at 26 Vine street,
Baltimore, is in excellent health. She
remembers the bombardment of Fort
McHenry, and saw George Washington
on the 23d of September, 1782.

North Carolina couple, who are
each over ninety years of age, desire to
die at the same hour. They have com-
pleted their funeral outfit even to their
tombstones. They live in Irrell
county.

Sir Moses Montefiore, the eminent
Jewish banker, is in his ninety-seventh
year. He served as sheriff of London
and Middlesex in 1837, the year of the
queen's accession to the throne, and was
knighthood by her majesty that year.

Longevity Notes.

John Battle died in Montreal the other
day, aged 112.
Robert Kidd, 105 years old, is the
oldest man in Texas.

Mary Fernay died in Little Valley,
N. Y., at the age of 105.
Samuel Toney recently died in Pike
township, Pa., aged 107.

Margaret McMahon died in Durham,
England, in her 113th year.
Aunt Sarah Hicks, in the county hos-
pital in Flatbush, L. I., is 104.

Clara Clairs, of New Orleans, was
burned to death at the age of 103.
Luke Courville, 102 years old, hanged
himself in a pig-pen on a poor farm.

Thurlow Weed saw the first steam-
boat and rode in the first steam railway
train.

A pupil in the Carsonville (Ga.)
school is eighty-two years old. She is a
negress.

After living more than a century, a
Michigan man committed suicide by
hanging.

Andrew Jung, ninety-three years old,
of Columbia, Pa., served under the first
Napoleon.

Lucy Kurney, of Lansing, Mich., was
fifty-five years a slave and over sixty
years free.

Rousse Kemp, ninety-six years old, of
Galloway, Ky., married Mary Bridges,
aged sixteen.

Over a century ago Ann Collins, of
Paris, Ky., was born. She remembers
Washington.

Diana Dorsey, of Springfield, Florida,
was supposed to be 115 years of age
when she died.

Mary Donohue, whose grandfather
died in his 131st year, recently died in
New York aged 112.

Peter Sprague, of Maine, is ninety
years old, and blind. He was a United
States Senator in 1829.

James Smith, of Somerset county, N.
J., now 109 years old, was sold as a
slave thirty years ago for fifty cents.

Thomas Howe, of Barrington, N. H.,
lately made a marriage proposal to a
lady eighty-five years old and fifteen
years his junior.

A negro died not long ago in New
Haven, Conn., leaving a family of
orphans from sixty to eighty years old.
The father was 108.

The eleven daughters of the late
Robert Johnson, of Middletown, Conn.,
are alive, the youngest over fifty years
old, the oldest over eighty.

Armstrong Porter, of Luzerne, Pa.,
died last month aged ninety-eight. He
voted for Thomas Jefferson for Presi-
dent, and for Samuel J. Tilden for the
same office.